

GUIDE

TO

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

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For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

LETTER FROM A LADY TO HER FRIEND.

New York.

Dear Mrs. W—: I left you, in my last, endeavoring to lay hold on the terms of the covenant, fixed in purpose, giving myself away in the bonds of an everlasting obligation to God.

I began, as I said, to particularize; the thoughts and exercises of the morning came again to memory with still more pointed aim.—What! thought I, Can it be that God is about to take from me this principal object for which life is desirable? I looked into the future and thought what a blank! Never before had I realized that the very fibres of my existence were so closely interwoven. My impression was that the Lord was about to take him—and the question was whether it was possible that God could require me to be *willing* to restore this gift of his providence and grace, when he had made it our duty to be of one heart and soul—but grace interposed, and from a more mature consideration of the subject, I was led to regard it as extraordinary condescension in God, thus to apprise me of his designs and to prepare my mind for the surrender. I felt with Abraham that I had lifted my hand to the Lord—I had been sincere in my covenant engagements, though I had not before realized the depths of these obligations—grace triumphed—and in full view of the nature of the sacrifice, I said “Take life or friends away.” I could just as readily have said, take *life*, as to have said, take friends. Take him, I said, if thou dost require him. From that moment I felt that I was fully set apart for God, every tie that bound to earth was riven, and I could as easily have doubted of my existence as I could have doubted that God was the supreme object of my affections; the language of my heart, and, as far as memory serves, the expressions of my lips were—I live but to glorify thee—let my spirit from henceforth ceaselessly return to the God that gave it, and let this body but be actuated by

thee, as an instrument in thy hand for performing thy pleasure in all things. I am thine—wholly thine—thou dost now reign in my heart without a rival. Glory—glory to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for ever. While thus glorying in being enabled to feel and know that I was now altogether the Lord's, the question came accompanied with light, power, and unquestionable assurance, what is this but the *holiness* you have so long been seeking? It was enough—I felt in verity that the seal of consecration was set, and that God had proclaimed me by the testimony of his Spirit, entirely His. I said and felt in such a peculiar sense as my spirit even still delightfully appreciates—Henceforth I am not of earth—the accuser, though he may tempt, yet hath he no part in me; the Lord, my Redeemer, hath raised up a standard against him. Yes, said my full heart, in the plenitude of its glorying, I am for ever set apart for thy service. While thus exulting, the voice of the Spirit again appealingly applied to my understanding. Is not this *sanctification*? I could no longer hesitate—reason as well as grace forbade—and I rejoiced in the positive possession of this purchased blessing. Oh, with what triumph did my soul expatiate on the infinitude of the atonement. I saw its unbounded efficacy as sufficient to wash and cleanse a *world* of sinners, and present them faultless before the throne. I felt that I was enabled to plunge and lose myself in this ocean—

“Yes, plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in love's immensity.”

It was enough—my spirit returned consciously to its source, and rested in the embrace of God. From my inmost soul I said, Lord, it is enough. Oh, the unsearchable riches of grace! I pause at the exclamation, for I cannot determine what language to use, or what expression to make of my views of the condescension of God in reference to this eventful period of my Christian history. Ah! I have no doubt that even after innumerable ages of eternity have past, the inexplicable condescension thus manifested for the establishment of one so unworthy, so fearful and unbelieving, will be by me exultingly told over to a listening multitude of adoring angels, and cause a renewed burst of triumph from the innumerable company. Every shade of objection or thought of scruple was thus by Omnipotence himself rebuked, or rather utterly silenced. What I mean by this, should have been before stated—it is this; though I have ever been a firm believer in the doctrine of Christian perfection and the entire sanctification of soul and body, as taught from the Scriptures, by the apostolic Wesleys and their cotemporaries, yet the terms made use of in speaking of this attainment, were objectionable to my mind, in a manner that I hardly dare, in the present communication, take time to explain, and though I ever felt that I needed just the blessing comprehended, yet the terms made use of, worded as I have said, I seldom used; but

now there seemed such a glorious propriety of meaning in the words sanctification, holiness, that I felt that nothing less than infinite wisdom, could have devised words so infinitely proper. What more reasonable, thought I, now that I have been enabled through grace to resolve on being wholly the Lord's, than that he should set the seal of consecration, and proclaim me his own; and still further, that now, as I had set myself apart exclusively for his service, that he should take cognizance of the act, and ratify the engagements. So clear was the work, and so entirely apart from any thing like extravagance of feeling, that, as before said, as I had fixed my calculation on the performance of some great thing, such as an earnest struggle of spirit, or uncommon venturing of faith, &c. yet so unlike the simplicity of receiving it, to any of these preconceived views, that in the fullness of my heart, I almost exclaimed,—Why, it is hardly of faith, it is so simple and rational, and just as might have been expected, as the result of such exercise; it is all *here*,—I through the Spirit's influence, have given *all for Christ*, and he has revealed himself to me, and now he is my *all* in ALL.

Dear Sister W——: I could almost, for this once, wish that the impassable barrier, preventing thought mingling identically with thought, might be passed, for it is thus only, permission could be given to lay open fully to you the deep exercises of that devoted hour. When the soul, redeemed by the blood of the covenant, was permitted to pass through the veil of outward things, and return with all its tide of affections, and flow onward to its source, and to feel that nothing but the thin veil of mortality,—which seemed almost drawn aside,—prevented its coming into the full blaze of the presence of Him, “whose favor is better than life;”—such was my sense of dwelling in God, and being surrounded by his presence and glory, that it seemed as though my spirit almost mingled in worship with those around the throne, and the exercises through which I passed seemed nothing less than a holy compact, entered into between the Triune God, and the Spirit that came forth from Him, and as such, I have ever since felt the power and weight of the engagement.

And not as the least of the privileges of this hour do I regard that of being permitted so fully to count the cost. I foresaw that “perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord,” was apart from leaning to my own understanding, and exercising a will of my own,—and that the blessing I had received was not imparted only for my own enjoyment, but that in accordance with the declaration of Him who had purchased this salvation for me at so great a price, I had been constituted a witness of it, not only for my own benefit, but also for that of others; and although the deep quiet of my soul proposed objections seemingly most plausible, yet the circumstance that for years I had been so much hindered from rising in holiness by such an almost

unaccountable aversion to complying with what I now conceive to be implied in the plain Christian requirement, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." For years it seemed as though no one passage of holy writ as frequently and forcibly met my observation, or applied so appealingly for my acquiescence as this. Now the requisition seemed to be—whether temptation or otherwise time must determine—the acknowledgment of what God had wrought for me, perhaps before hundreds. But such was the conquest grace had made, that from a free heart I said, Yes, Lord Jesus, and before thousands too, if such be thy demand,—and though I well know that this blessing is the free gift of God, and not of works, yet I believe if I had not through grace yielded to this conviction, I could not have retained it. I then felt, and still feel, that should I cease to comply with the terms implied in *being set apart for God*, and dedicated as a vessel of grace to his service, that it would be at the forfeiture of the assurance of being so. How reasonable, and how conclusive the inferences. Religion never before seemed to be made up of such a beautiful whole. I think I never previously realized so deeply the depths of the goodness and mercy of God, in issuing to polluted mortals such a command as "Be ye holy"—and for such a cause! "for I the Lord your God am holy." Well may angels desire to look into such a scheme.

But to return, it was suggested that with my natural propensity to reason, it would require a miracle of grace to sustain me in the possession of this blessing, when others with apparently so much more spiritual firmness had so repeatedly lost it—and even the example of the sainted Fletcher, of blessed memory, was presented to assure me of the almost impossibility of retaining it. But the adversary was foiled—in the strength of Omnipotence, I was enabled firmly to resolve rather to die than to doubt, or even reason with the enemy, assured that if I but ventured to parley, as in the case of the first transgression, his suggestions might soon assume the appearance of plausibility.

But I must close, aware that I have already given myself too much latitude,—yet permit me to refer to one circumstance more, which will display yet another victory of grace, and tended yet more to the establishment of my soul in this grace. As you may remember, I before said I had intended spending the evening in prayer. I was prevented continuing little more than an hour, by some friends calling in to make an evening visit, but the deep quiet of my spirit was not in the least disturbed. After they had retired, I mentioned the sweet frame of spirit I was in, to my dear sister, and then retired to my chamber. Previous to my committing myself to sleep, my reflections were, that as I had not been favored with any extraordinary

joy, or overwhelming ecstasy, and as I had previously enjoyed such sweet communion with God, in the night season, that I might perhaps expect some very glorious manifestation—but whether these should be given or otherwise, I felt I was sweetly reposing in the arms of everlasting love, and my passive spirit said, Lord, it is enough,—thou art my soul-satisfying portion, and the assurance was given, that just the portion of ecstasy as should be for my good, would be given—and already an unutterable peace, fresh from the throne, was continually flowing into my soul, and thus I resigned myself to repose.

You may imagine my surprise on awaking in a most frightful dream, the particulars of which were so strangely singular, that if I thought you would not think me enthusiastic, I would narrate them. Well, I will conclude to hazard the attempt. I imagined myself not yet to have left the lower parlor. All the circumstances of the evening were yet vividly before me. I thought myself to be just about retiring to my chamber, when a loud rap at the back parlor door aroused me,—knowing that all about the house had been sometime previously quieted, and all the inlets to the house secured for the night, I knew that something must be wrong, but as I knew myself to be already in the power of the intruder and resistance in vain, I said with firmness, “Come in,” when a personage altogether unlike any thing I had ever before conceived of, entered. Added to a countenance fiendish in the extreme, was a costume of the highland order, black underneath, with a thin white covering, the black in many places projecting before the white. In a very harsh tone he demanded “Is the Dr. in?” “He is in the front room, on the sofa,” was my reply. And as he went toward the front parlor, I ran and screamed for assistance—and the effort awoke me. Quick as thought the suggestion came, Where the expected manifestation? and whether this was not enough to cause me to question the exercises of the preceding evening? As my nights had before been spent in such sweet communion with Heaven, and now that I had reason to expect more, that I should have even less. But blessed be God, it was but temptation, and I was kept by the Angel of the covenant from yielding even in the least degree to the power of the tempter, yet there was so much seeming reality in it that my nervous system suffered, probably much the same as though it had been an actual occurrence, but it was thus far only that the fiend of darkness was permitted to exert his power—the deep tranquillity of my spirit was not in the least disturbed—all was a silent heaven of love, and I soon again sunk sweetly to repose, as under the shadow of the Almighty. In about an hour and a half after this, I was again aroused by these words, “Behold, I, an angel, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.” An angel? an angel? repeated I, with

rapture, and as if conscious of its not being the phraseology of scripture. With this, I again awoke, filled with glory and with God, sweetly assured that God had sent his angel to strengthen me. I arose and returned thanks to God. Soon after, my beloved companion came in, who had been absent on professional business since quite early the preceding evening, and therefore unapprized of the glorious assurance of hope I had received. I told him how the Lord had blessed me,—of the dream,—and then of the consolation just received.—While telling him of the manifestation just mentioned, he was overjoyed, and seemed to regard it as so surprisingly glorious, that I almost wondered at him;—thinking how certainly, as might have been expected—through the power of the spirit, I had first endured temptation, and that then a ministering spirit should be permitted to visit a fellow-heir of glory, did not to me appear at that time at all extraordinary, for I had been in such close communion with heaven, and my mind thereby so spiritualized, that I regarded it as what might have been almost expected, but I have since regarded it as infinite condescension!

But again, my sheet absolutely admonishes me that I must close, though I should much like to tell you, how I have since been borne onward by the might of the Spirit. I find that a firm, abiding, immoveable peace, is the heritage of the believer, after having entered this purchased possession. I daily feel that God requires that I should be holy, only that I may be *more happy* and more useful. I am enabled ever to endure as *seeing* the Invisible; having entered through Jesus, into the holiest, I feel daily that I am enabled to cast my anchor deeper within the veil. Yours most affectionately. P. P.

PLAIN DISCOURSES.

DISCOURSE I.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 4.

1. To be filled with the Holy Ghost, is the same as to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. By the baptism of the Holy Ghost, is to be understood something more than the gift of miracles. If by this baptism we understand the same as the gift of miracles, how could it have been said that the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified? John vii. 39. The church had been in possession of the gift of miracles more than 2000 years, when our Saviour made his ascension. Miracles were wrought in Egypt, at the Red Sea, in the wilderness, at

Jordan and in the land of Canaan. We would not be understood to say that the Holy Spirit did not confer the gift of miracles; but we mean that miracles were not the chief things intended by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. So far from this, they do not come into view in any of the places where that baptism is spoken of.

2. By the baptism of the Holy Ghost, we are not to understand the ordinary influences of the Holy Spirit, in enlightening and renewing sinners. To assert this, would be the same as to affirm that no sinners were converted before Jesus was glorified. Thus we should unchurch the Patriarchs and Prophets, and exclude them from the kingdom of heaven, together with all who died before our Saviour's ascension to glory. The baptism of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, evidently marks a new and distinct dispensation of the gospel. A measure of light and grace was then given, which was never granted before. The gospel was preached to the ancient Israelites, but every thing was seen through types and shadows. Jesus Christ came to make a more clear and full developement of doctrines, duties and privileges; and on this account, is said to have brought life and immortality to light in the gospel. The declaration that the Holy Ghost was not given till after Jesus was glorified—and the saying of Christ to his apostles after his resurrection, that they should be "baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence," favor this view of the subject.

Now let the Spirit's operation and influence be felt through all the doctrines and privileges of the gospel, in bringing them home to the bosom, and the soul of man is at once elevated, and his affections find new objects and new delights; heaven comes into his soul, a new direction is given to his life, and it may, in truth, be said that he is a *new man*. How does he look down from his glorious elevation on all the grovelling scenes of earth while he walks in fellowship with God, and holds converse with the church of the firstborn!

When divine effects are to be produced, divine causes must operate. To produce them in the present age, requires nothing less than the "washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Nothing but this can "make our infected nature clean."

Now when all the fruits of this divine influence are matured in the soul, and the promised measures of grace and holiness are obtained, it is said that they are *full of the Holy Ghost*. O glorious state! O happy condition! thus to be filled "with all the fullness of God."

Let us now trace some of the bright features developed in the character of those who are the subjects of this divine baptism.

1. *Their courage and fortitude.* Previous to their receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles gave no evidence of uncommon courage or fortitude. On the contrary, they were timid and fearful. When they saw their Master in danger, they all forsook him and fled. And Peter, though bold and forward on many occasions, becomes unmanned through fear, and thrice denied that he knew his Lord. But no sooner had they received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, than their firmness became equal to the exigencies of the occasion, and we find Peter, supported by the whole college of the Apostles, publicly vindicating his Master, and charging his death to the wickedness of the Jewish priests and rulers. The same baptism of the Holy Spirit would do the same for us. But alas! how often have we failed to do our duty, through the same criminal fear of man.

2 Previous to their receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Apostles themselves appear not to have understood distinctly the character of the death of Christ as a sacrifice for sin; and, therefore, when he told them that he was going up to Jerusalem to lay down his life, Peter took hold of him, and began to rebuke him, saying, "This shall not be done unto thee." And thus he would have defeated the whole object of the Son of God in coming into the world to save sinners. But after they received the baptism of the Spirit they were ever ready to assert his sacrificial death and resurrection, and to preach "*peace*," and "the remission of sins through his name."

3. It was much the same with regard to the character of that kingdom which he was to set up in the world. They thought that he would set up a secular kingdom; and this belief still lingered about their minds after his resurrection. But when the Holy Ghost had enlightened their minds, and led them into the truth in this matter, this prejudice left them, and they found the kingdom of God within them, even that "kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

4. The Christians of those early times were united to one another in the strongest bonds. "*They were all of one heart and of one soul.*" Not of one opinion. That is entirely a different thing. But they were of one heart and soul in respect of the mind that was in them. They had the mind of Christ. They loved God with all their heart, and one another as themselves. They had one disposition, one object, one motive, one purpose and aim, and that, to honor the Saviour of the world, and extend his kingdom on earth. For this purpose they gave up the world, its honors, its riches and its pleasures, and were so dead to the world that they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and submitted cheerfully to the loss of liberty and life. The affection of one was the affection of the whole, and joy was in all their dwellings.

5. They were completely crucified to the world and the world to them. None said that aught of the things he possessed was his own, for they had all things common. The inordinate love of property, the passion most prevalent in the breast of *civilized man*, was rooted out of their hearts. "They had all things common."—"Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands and houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man, according as he had need."

Behold the difference between the spirit of the world and the Spirit of God!—The one is a selfish and derisive spirit, and the other, a Spirit of union and benevolence. Never is so great a victory gained, as when the spirit of the world is overcome by the Spirit of grace and holiness.

From all this, it appears that the baptism of the Holy Ghost is designed to purify the heart from all sin, and to bring into operation the principles of universal holiness. To be filled with the Holy Ghost is to be entirely sanctified to God, throughout spirit, soul and body.

II. Whose privilege is it to be baptised with the Holy Ghost?

1. To this we answer, it is a privilege of all Christians, male and female, old and young, bond and free, that is, all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. The first

clear and explicit testimony to this point, is found in the prophet Joel, chap. ii. 28, 29. "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

We are not left to uncertain conjecture in our application of this prophecy to the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The apostle Peter publicly declared that what took place at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, was the fulfillment of this prophecy of Joel. See Acts ii. 16—18. No words can be more explicit than those of the prophet, and no comment of ours can make the application more certain. Should it be said that prophesying, having visions and dreaming dreams, in the sense of Joel, is to have miraculous powers, it will follow that all the church, male and female, old and young, possessed those powers, a position which will hardly be taken.

2 John the Baptist is another witness for our doctrine, that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was given for enlightening and sanctifying purposes, and not to confer miraculous gifts. The same general reasoning will hold here as on the passage from Joel. According to the forerunner of the Messiah, all, both male and female, who were baptized with his baptism, were privileged to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "I indeed baptize you with water," said John, "but he," Christ, "shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." In that immense multitude who went out from Jerusalem, Judea, and the region round about Jordan, to receive John's baptism, there must have been many females, and other classes, who never possessed the gift of miracles, but were proper subjects of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and had the promise of it, on condition of repentance and faith in Christ Jesus.

3. The words of our blessed Lord are equally explicit on the point. "On the last day of the feast Jesus stood and said, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the spirit which they that believe on him should receive. For the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified." Hence, it is most clear that all true believers in Christ, were declared proper subjects of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. But were all such subjects of miraculous gifts? Certainly they were not.

4. Matter of fact confirms this interpretation. The one hundred and twenty disciples mentioned in Acts i. 15, were all baptized with the Holy Ghost, or, in the language of our text, *were all filled with the Holy Ghost*. But will any one say that all these, and others who were afterwards baptized with the Holy Ghost, were endowed with miraculous gifts? Reader, it is evidently the will of the blessed Saviour that you should be baptized with the Holy Ghost, whatever may be said concerning miracles.

REFLECTIONS. 1. The dispensation of the Spirit, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost, is the brightest display of the glory of God ever vouchsafed to a guilty world. It includes all that is intrinsically good in the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, with a great increase of light and privilege.

2. We live under the *last* and brightest dispensation of the gospel. We expect no new revelation. The canon of scripture is closed. Nothing can be added to it, nothing taken from it. Under the present dispensation of the gospel, the milleni-

um is to be brought in, in all its extent. Let us pray that it may soon come, and that the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

2. Having, therefore, the promises of these things, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear God.

4. Let us be careful that we do not bring upon ourselves aggravated guilt, by neglecting so great salvation.

From the Oberlin Exange'ist.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

Nothing in the universe produces so perfect and universal admiration, as the character of Christ, when that character is understood and appreciated. To say that it is a perfect character, produces little effect: say that he is almighty, all-wise and infinite in goodness, that in him dwelleth all perfection, and still the soul is comparatively unmoved. But say that "God is love," and bring the mind to contemplate the *manifestations* of his love, his kindness, his infinite desire for the happiness of his creatures, and we are lost in admiration. Where, in all the vast chain of animated existence, from the highest to the insect that for an hour flutters in the sunbeam, can that creature be found, whose wants are not all supplied? that is not as happy as it is capable of being? And even *man, poor repining man*, who is ever ready to complain of the vicissitudes of fortune, or the cruelties of fate; where has he a want for the supply of which provision is not made? For him (as well as for myriads of other animals,) is the landscape spread in all its beauty. For him the flower unfolds its varied hues, and for him the whole creation is clothed in beauty and loveliness. Indeed so perfectly is every thing adapted, not simply to his necessities, but to his pleasure, as that nothing could be changed without injury to him. Who would not start with horror, to see nature clothed in red or black instead of green? or who would not grieve at the change were it clothed in white? In fact we can conceive of no change that would affect us sensibly, which would not at the same time affect us disagreeably. In this perfect adaptation of the external world, we see a display of the wisdom and kindness of God, to say nothing of his omnipresence and power, by which he arranges and sustains all these things. Who, in the contemplation of this, is not filled with admiration? But by as much as the work of redemption exceeds that of creation, by so much does the adaptation of Christ to the moral wants of his rational and accountable creatures, exceed the adaptation of his creation to their physical wants.

We are informed that "God is love," and since love produces perfect happiness, and any thing aside from love is misery, what more can we ask, or wish, than to enjoy Christ in his fullness? "For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Who does not dwell with rapture on the idea of having a friend to whom he can open his heart with perfect confidence—who can sympathize with him in every sorrow, and rejoice with him in every joy, however small—whose views and feelings are the same with his own—and above all, who can aid him in every emergency? And who that has such a friend, would not rather part with any, or every thing else, than with him? And who that has not, but feels himself "a poor forsaken thing," cast upon a cold and heartless world, to droop and die?—Christ is this, and more than this, to the believer; for he is ever present. He will be with us in the crowd and in the closet, in the study and in the solitary ramble. Are we filled with admiration while viewing a scene of beauty, and do we wish our dearest friend with us to participate in and heighten the pleasure? He is ever with us, and enters into all our feelings. He sympathizes with us, and enters into all our hopes and fears, our joys and our sorrows, our pleasures and our cares. In short, every thing that makes a friend dear to us, is found in him. And as the happiness arising from friendship is proportionate to the strength of attachment, Christ's love being infinite, our happiness arising from the reciprocation of that love, must be perfect. We are filled with admiration, when we consider Christ as attaining this relation to one individual. What then must be our feelings when we regard him as sustaining the relation to every one of the human race, and that as perfectly as he could do if there were but one man in the universe? This is Christ, not merely as a Redeemer and Sanctifier, not merely as a God, but as a friend. What is he then in these other relations? What shall we say when we see *God* the Creator of the universe, the Creator of *man*, suffering in human nature, and dying for the creatures he has made? Not for creatures, simply, but for *enemies*. Nor yet for enemies, merely, but for his OWN MURDERERS! And not simply dying for them, but receiving them into the closest possible relations and actually loving them as he loves himself, and declaring that any injury done to them is done to himself—saving them not only from the punishment due to crimes, but from the fires which they have kindled and cherished in their own bosoms, hatred, envy, passion, lust and pride—when man had become so debased that he was incapable of one pure thought, elevating him to the purity and honor of a child of God, and making him the image of all that is lovely in the universe. What shall we say when we see God stooping to elevate such creatures, carrying them in his bosom—securing them from the storms and dangers, the sorrows and cares, to which they have subjected them-

selves—sympathizing with them, not in great afflictions merely, but in “*little things*,” things so small that we are ashamed to mention them to our fellows. And all this, when with a breath he might have swept us from existence; and, “from the dust that floats in air,” have filled our places with myriads of better beings than ourselves. There is something in kindness that commends itself to every man’s regard, but love like this is beyond all comprehension. We cannot fail to admire; I had almost said to adore, but yet some men will not love. In the midst of all the exhibitions he has made, they withhold their hearts. They turn away with language like that of Ahab, “I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good concerning *me*, but always evil.” S. F. S.

The following obituary notice is taken from the Advocate of Moral Reform, for Dec. 1, 1839, and does no more than justice to the character it draws. Some may think an artificial coloring is employed to embellish the character of Mrs. Curry. We can say, from a personal acquaintance of several years, that nothing of this kind could add anything to the excellence of the Christian and social virtues she possessed.

OBITUARY.

The subject of the following sketch was a member of the Board of the A. F. M. R. Society; and an active and efficient officer in the Wesleyan Auxiliary in this city, from the very commencement of moral reform efforts. Some of us had known her but a short time previous to her death; but, from the slight acquaintance then formed, we are fully prepared to appreciate all that her more intimate associates testify concerning her worth. No person could be in her society for one hour without feeling that she had been with Jesus, and that his image was reflected in her very countenance.

“When such an one, familiar with the skies,
Has filled her “urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us, meaner things,
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

Died, in the Lord, in this city, on the evening of the 22d ult. Mrs. Betsey Curry, wife of Mr. Samuel Curry, aged 37.

Sister Curry was born in Yarmouth, Mass., July 26th, 1802; and lived in a state of sin until March 17th, 1823, when she gave her

heart to God, and became a disciple of Jesus Christ. We doubt not, it would be very satisfactory to the numerous friends of our departed sister to see some account of her conversion to God in this notice, and we regret that it is not in our power to give it at this time.— There are many in Yarmouth Port, we presume to say, who well remember the precious revival of 1823, when our dear sister was made a subject of God's converting grace; and numbers, we believe, are now on their way to heaven, who with her commenced this heavenly journey.

But it is chiefly of her *holy life* that we wish here to speak. In the month of August, following her conversion, it was the happiness of sister Curry to embrace the blessing of entire sanctification; and of the truth and reality of this blessing, the life of our departed sister has been one living, speaking testimony, for the seventeen years past. Those who knew her, will bear us witness, when we affirm, that in every sense of the word she lived a Christian. All the faculties and propensities of her mind were sweetly imbued and governed by the spirit of Christ. She loved to do the whole will of God. It was her greatest joy to know that she pleased him in every thing she did and said.

Her communion with God was without interruption. I have been familiar with this dear sister for more than seventeen years, have enjoyed numberless opportunities of holy conversation with her, and I do not remember a single time when she did not enjoy the direct witness of the Spirit, and rejoice in the sensible favor of God her Saviour. Indeed, her intercourse with the Holy Spirit was carried to a degree beyond the general apprehension of most professors of religion.— There was a height and depth, a length and breadth in her fellowship with the blessed Saviour, which it is impossible for any to conceive, who had not the privilege of seeing it in the heavenly tempers in which she spoke and lived from day to day. In this particular, sister Curry was an *extraordinary Christian*. All she did, or said, all the influences she exerted on those around her, savored of Jesus Christ and heaven.

She was a woman of great faith. She possessed uncommon power with God in prayer. She lived by faith. All her actions, and all that interested her attention in any way, was referred to God in faith and prayer. The closet was her favorite resort. Often has the heart of the writer been melted, in hearing her describe the sweet seasons of prayer which she had experienced in the closet, when bending over her little ones, three of whom were taken up to heaven before her. Of her it may truly be said, she walked with God. She was the friend of God. She reflected his image in one unbroken course of holy living, which charmed all who had an opportunity of ac-

quaintance with her, and made her the object of their increasing affection.

Sister Curry was a most worthy example to the church of which she was a member. Her fidelity to her class, and her faithful observance of all the means of grace, were remarkable. I never knew a Christian to whom the preaching of the word, and the means of grace generally, seemed to be so great a luxury. The faithful preaching of the gospel was to her, literally, a feast of fat things; and her profit, from all the opportunities she enjoyed, was beyond that of most members of the Christian church. She loved the cross. She loved her duty—and she did it. In her person, and general deportment, she exhibited the beauties and excellences of intelligence, combined with a meek and quiet spirit.

Another trait in her character was her goodness, and kindness of heart. She neglected no opportunity for doing good, either to the souls or bodies of her fellow-creatures. She was a cheerful giver. She loved God with all her heart, and she loved all his intelligent creation without dissimulation. During the seventeen years that I have known her—and some months of this time was spent in her family—I never knew her to speak an unkind or disrespectful word of any human being. I never once saw any thing in her temper, which I believe was in opposition to the Holy Spirit. If the reader thinks this is saying a great deal, I reply, I know it; but it is saying no more than justice demands should be said, and what scores of intelligent Christians would say, if called upon to testify.

In 1828 she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Curry, of this city. As a wife and a mother she possessed qualifications, both by nature and grace, which rendered her a help-meet indeed, to her husband, and one of the best of mothers. As before stated, three of her children died before her; and two are left to follow. Probably no mother ever suffered more keenly in the loss of children, than did our sister Curry, when she had to see one after another of her little ones writhing in the agonies of death, till she was compelled to yield them to his cold embrace. And it was in those hours of suffering humanity, that the graces of God seemed to glow with a peculiar lustre in the tempers of this holy woman. Her resignation seemed sometimes almost beyond the capabilities of human beings; and while the beholder could but perceive the extreme depth of her anguish, he would be struck speechless at the sweetness and reality of that submission, in which she would be heard to exclaim, in the language of the expiring Son of God,—

“Father! Thy will be done!”

“The memory of the just is blest.” It was a blessing to enjoy the society of such a woman; and a still greater blessing to be favor-

ed with her conversation and prayers. A blessing hangs over her memory. All who ever knew her will bless her in the recollection of the virtues which were shown so beautifully in her life, and which rendered her an object of the sincerest Christian affection wherever she was known.

But we must forbear. There was, however, enough in the life of this excellent woman, to fill a volume. And she died as she had lived. As long as she was enabled to exercise her intellectual faculties, she affirmed, "All is well—all is well." And when, on last Monday evening, at about 6 o'clock, her husband and an only sister, with a number of kind friends were kneeling around her bedside, and saw her close her eyes in the long sleep of death, they, also, were enabled to say—"ALL IS WELL."

L. R. S.

New York, July 23, 1839.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS.

The following interesting account of sanctification, and its effects upon the people, is extracted from a letter by Rev. C. Cook, Wesleyan Missionary, to Rev. Dr. Olin; and published in the Christian Advocate and Journal. It is well worth the attention of those who love the cause of holiness and of missions.

THE conference of 1832 re-appointed me to the superintendence of the work in the South, and appointed Brother De Jersey to Paris. The appointments of conference at that time, to save travelling expenses, effected only at the district meeting following, and in the interval, before leaving the south, Mr. De Jersey complied with the repeated request of Mr. Ehrmann, and visited the Alps. An interesting extract from his journal may be found in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1833, page 586 and following. At that time it appears that most of those who were awakened through the ministry of Neff had "measured back their steps to earth." He adds, however, that there were some happy exceptions, and that great "gratitude" was "manifested" by "the children of God for the spiritual good they derived" from his ministrations. In this journey Mr. De Jersey crossed the Alps into Piedmont, to visit the Waldenses of that country, among whom a revival of religion had taken place in consequence of a visit of Neff some years before.—He was accom-

panied by Mr. Ehrmann and John Rostan, and held several meetings in the valleys, on account of which a decree of perpetual banishment was, after their return, directed against all three, by the Sardinian monarch, which is still in force against them, though every possible means have been employed to obtain its repeal. In this visit Brother De Jersey had frequent opportunities of conversing with John Rostan, and of hearing him preach, and he shortly after obtained from the committee the permission to employ him as a hired local preacher, (that is, he was *employed as a travelling preacher, but not taken out on trial as such*,) and thus I found him actively and usefully employed when I arrived in the circuit. He was soon stirred up to seek a greater blessing than he had ever yet experienced, nor did he seek in vain; he was baptized with the "spirit of love and power and a sound mind." I translate from a letter to myself his account of this event, important as accounting for the great difference in the effects of his preaching when he returned to the upper Alps, and important to the history of the work of God here, as being immediately connected with a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God, of which the beneficial effects are felt among us at the present moment. I just premise that he, with several other of our friends, was excited to seek this blessing principally by the exhortation of a good woman at whose house the young preachers lodged. He began to seek the blessing of entire sanctification seriously in the month of April, and, toward the end of the month, the spirit of prayer was given to his hostess so abundantly, that, for fifteen days, she could hardly eat, drink, or sleep, through the ardor of her desire for the full salvation of those who were seeking it in the blood of Jesus. On the 30th of April, not being able to sleep, she rose from her bed and passed the night in prayer, and the next morning found that several of the persons for whom she had been praying, had, under the same influence, passed the greater part of the night in similar exercises. "As for me," writes Brother Rostan, "it appeared to me all the night long that I was lying in the bosom of my Lord, like the beloved disciple whose name I bear, and whose character I desire to have. I passed," he continues, "the first and second of May in earnest prayer and meditation. I pleaded night and day the promises of God, amid doubts, wandering thoughts, and all kinds of temptations. My body was covered with perspiration, occasioned by the violence of my emotions, but my heart seemed as cold and insensible as ever. I endeavored to believe, but could not. The second of May I found some relief, and felt at first disposed to conclude I had received the blessing I was seeking, but, being convinced of the contrary by conversation with our friends, I resolved to seek it with increased diligence, feeling persuaded that salvation was near if I persevered. On the third of May, at family prayer, we received, for

the first time, a great blessing. At eleven o'clock, seven of us, of whom two already possessed the blessing, met for prayer.—Brother Lelievre gave us a short exhortation; then we bowed the knee before the Author of every good and perfect gift, to claim the fulfilment of his promises.—We prayed again and again successively, and with the greatest order, till we were all baptized with the Holy Ghost and with the fire of divine love. All our hearts were bowed down, and subjected to the obedience of Christ. Three of us received, with this blessing, and at the same moment, the witness that our hearts were purified. As for myself, I thought I felt delivered from the corruption of my nature; yet, through the reasoning of my own heart and the suggestions of the adversary, I did not obtain the witness for several days. As soon as I received this witness of the Holy Ghost all my doubts were dispelled, and I felt the full force of that great Bible truth, 'they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts.' Thus, on the third of May," 1833, "ever memorable day for V., G., D., T. and for myself, we were delivered from sin, our hearts were enlarged, and we were put in full possession of the privileges of the children of God."

Thus, after a short delay, were the prayers of Neff for his son in the Gospel abundantly answered, and he fitted more completely for that work which, under God, his spiritual father had entrusted to him. He had not ceased corresponding with his brethren and sisters in the Alps; the little band who had remained steadfast had wept when he left them. He had now good news to tell them, and his letters, full of faith and love, encouraged several of those who were the most devoted, and the farthest advanced in the divine life, to seek the blessing he had so happily found, and thus God raised up several witnesses of the power and faithfulness of Christ to save to the uttermost in the upper Alps, and also in Piedmont. In consequence of this movement, the Macedonian cry from the Alps waxed louder and louder, till Brother Rostan was permitted to visit them. This he did in January and February, 1834. A few days after his arrival, a shower of divine grace descended on the people to whom he ministered, and successively Dormilleuse, Minsals, les Kolins, in the valley of Fressmiere, and St. Veran, Fontyillarde, and Pierre Grasse, in the val Queyras, experienced these gracious and powerful visitations. In one place, under the powerful convictions produced by the Holy Spirit of God, a scandalous sin, into which one who had professed godliness from the time of Neff had secretly fallen, was openly confessed. In every place many backsliders were re-awakened and restored: a great many who had never been awakened sought and obtained a sense of pardon. A man and his wife, with their son, were awakened and converted in the space of thirty-six hours, and, soon after three out of four of their other children. The son promised to

be very useful, but it has pleased God to take him to himself. At the latter end of March, a month after Brother Rostan's return to the Vannage, this young man wrote him, "The seed you have sown continues to grow more and more. Blessed be God, my happiness increases every day. Since your departure my mother has received the perfect love of God. The hearts of all in this village are affected.—The old man, whom you visited, 80 years old, is now converted. The influence of the Holy Spirit continues at Dormilleuse. Eleven men, married or single, have been awakened since your visit, and have begun to meet in class. If one of the converted seems to slacken his pace, all the others surround him, and press him so by their advice and their prayers that he must walk, whether he be lame or no. O, how joyful, how encouraging is the present state of things! Come and help us, or send some one, and pray much for all and for me."

Another, (Peter Holorem, a spiritual child of Neff, whom he styles "a very deserving young man"—see Gilly's Memoir, 4th edition, page 290,) writes thus in the beginning of April:—"I have visited Fressmiere; a great blessing now rests upon this village;" [probably Dormilleuse;] "often, while praying, my voice has been covered by that of a brother or a sister crying to God. Here it was a soul that was seeking pardon, there it was a believer seeking sanctification. All asked advice of me. Every one wished me to go to his house. O what good a missionary would do here, even though he should be but a layman! Come and visit us, dear cousin, or pray that some one may be sent to us, no matter who, provided he has the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, for our wants are great."

Mr. Ehrmann wrote thus to Rostan concerning the valley of Queyras, April 1st:—"Some have obtained pardon since you left us. All the young females of St. Veran, Fontyillarde, and Pierre Grosse, from the age of fifteen and upward, are seriously occupied with their salvation. This has encouraged me to exhort the old not to remain behindhand." After having related some other particulars, he adds, "Come over into Macedonia and help us, lest this fire should be extinguished, like a fire of straw, and leave nothing behind but black ashes! May the Lord dispose your committee in our favor, that we may reap this fine field, which so much needs laborers!"

While Brother Rostan was still with them, he inquired what they were willing and able to do towards the support of a missionary. "O," replied one, "I will give one of my sheep;" another offered "a measure of rye;" several others, "whatever they were able;" others, "If I can do nothing else, I will take in the missionary as often as I can;" others would get slates from the quarry, to be sold for the mission. These were great offers from so poor a people,

who had been accustomed to receive from their visitors much more than to give.

The conference of 1834 granted me an additional preacher, which enabled me to take up this interesting people, who had been neglected, comparatively, so long. Our hopes were realized by the return of upward of a hundred members the first year; and they raised toward the support of the missionary 236 francs, nearly ten pounds sterling.

The following communication is from a lady who has but lately given special attention to the subject of holiness, as taught by those who believe that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin in this life.

It was addressed to a little band of Christians in this city, who meet weekly for mutual instruction in holiness, and to pray for perfect love. O that we may soon see such seekers, flying as a cloud and as the doves to their windows.

Though I have not the privilege of meeting with you to-night, dear Christian friends, I take this opportunity to request your prayers, that God would restore my health, if it be his will, and especially, that he would heal my soul, and fill me with his Spirit. I want, brethren and sisters, a broken and contrite heart, a humble, tender, filial spirit, faith to receive the Saviour *in all his fullness*, and to take hold upon the exceeding great and precious promises that are given unto us.—“A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.” “Because I live, ye shall live also.” “He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” “Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father, in my name, he will give it you,” &c. I want to possess the same mind that was in Christ Jesus, the same spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice, for the glory of God and the good of souls.

“Confess your faults one to another,” is the divine injunction, “and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.” I would, therefore, confess the multiplied injuries I have done my gracious Lord, by a long course of unbelief and ingratitude, by my hardness of heart and blindness of mind, and entreat your prayers, that he would magnify in me the riches of his grace, grant me a full pardon, bestow upon me all the blessings of the new covenant, endue me with power from on high, and make me partaker of his own blessedness, in communicating salvation to the perishing.

My desire is, that my whole being may be consecrated to God, and that the Great Head of the church would condescend to make me a channel of blessings, and an instrument of salvation for his own sake, in whatever way it shall please him; and this is my petition, in which I ask you to join me.

I do think, if not greatly deceived, that I have been enabled, through the love of God, to take hold upon the new covenant, of which Jesus is the Mediator, (Heb. viii. 10,)—and if so, all the glorious perfections of Jehovah are engaged for its fulfilment to me. The Lord cut short his work in righteousness, and help me to praise him for all he has done, and all that he has promised to do for me.

A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall,
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

I rejoice that the Lord has put it into your hearts to meet together, and to be filled with the fullness of Christ. Be not weary in well doing, but remember the word that says, "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." The Lord grant, that you may be united together in him, so as to become of one heart and one soul, and that his Spirit may make intercession for you, with groanings that cannot be uttered, till he shall come and shake this city to its centre.

My belief is, that he will visit his people with power, at no distant day, and it may be, that the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple. (Malachi, iii. 1, and onward.) The promise of God still is to his church, as many as will take hold upon it, "Fear not, thou worm, Jacob—I will make thee, that is, make thee to become, a sharp threshing instrument having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains."

May we all have the unspeakable joy to be made instruments in his hand of accomplishing his designs of mercy.

YOUR SISTER IN CHRIST.

LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY MARY FITZGERALD.

Madely, Sept. 29, 1781.

My dear and honored Friend,—You have been in the fire of affliction, where faith is tried, where patient hope is exercised, and where perfect love, which casts out fear, and endureth all things, is

proved worthy of Him who made bare his breast, and said to his Father, 'Lo! I come to do thy will, O God!' I come to be obedient unto death, even the painful, shameful death of the cross!

Continue to offer your body as a living, or if it please God, as a lingering, dying sacrifice to him, who has decreed, that if we will reign with Christ, we must suffer with him. This is our reasonable service; for it would be absurd, that our Lord should have been perfected by sufferings, thorns, and the cross, and that we should have nothing but enjoyment, roses, and a crown. How faithful, how merciful is our God! He brings you once more from the verge of eternity: well, my dear friend, I welcome you back into life, and into the enjoyment of farther opportunities of receiving and doing good,—of growing in grace, and perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.

Chastened, spared like you, and more and more convinced that I am helplessness itself, and that there is help laid on our Surety and Saviour for us, I invite you to say with me, "When I am weak," Christ my life is strong still: "for me to live shall be Christ, and to die gain." Dear madam, to know the bare cross is uncomfortable; but to know, and gather the fruit of that tree, is life from the dead; it is more abundant than life after fainting. Let us then know, that is, consider, and embrace Jesus Christ crucified to make an end of sin; shedding tears, and his most precious blood, to cleanse us from all sin; to trace again the divine image, goodness, love, and happiness on our souls, and seal our firm title to glory.

"Not a text," say you, "came to me, only I knew none perished at his feet;" then you remembered Christ, the sum and substance of all the Scriptures; then you believed on him, in whom all the sweetest texts, and all the promises are "Yea, and Amen." O believe more steadily, more confidently! Dare even to obey the apostolic precept, "Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive to God by Jesus Christ our Lord." Embrace, with more earnestness, the righteousness of faith, and you will have more peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Rejoice in Christ your peace: yea, rejoice in God your Saviour; and if there is a needs be, for your being in heaviness for a season, rejoice in tribulation; "sorrowful, but always rejoicing." "When I am destitute of all comfort, this shall yield me comfort," said Kempis, "that thy will is done." If Abraham believed in hope against hope, that is, against human, natural hope; can you not, through grace, as a daughter of Abraham, rejoice in heavenly hope against all natural feelings, and even against all temptations? "Count it all joy," says St. James, "when you fall into divers temptations and trials." Don't be afraid of the storm; Christ is in the ship, and he does not sleep, as unbelief is apt to fancy.

I thank you, my dear lady, for your friendly wish of leaving your

clay here. I return it, by wishing you may leave all the body of sin, now, in that mysterious grotto of Mount Calvary, where myriads of sinners have buried their doubts, their fears, and their old man. Prop up your clay a little longer, for I want to sing with you, "Salvation to God and the Lamb." I want you to help me, with the understanding and the voice, to witness that Jesus "saves to the uttermost, all who come to God through him;" that he can not only "make an end of sin, but bring in an everlasting, triumphant righteousness."

I am not without hope of seeing you in London, before you see your future hermitage. All my brotherly love goes to town and salutes you and your good nurses; to whose continued care, as well as to that of our dear Redeemer, I earnestly recommend you. I am, my dear lady, your obedient, affectionate servant,

J. FLETCHER.

THE NEW YEAR.

We may imagine each passing year, said an eminent preacher, to form a distinct picture, whose traces are indelibly fixed. Each one, as it is finished, is consigned to the recording angel, and another day, it will be brought forth to view before an assembled universe.

Such a picture, we have each of us just completed, and the canvass is already presented for a new one. Each day, each hour is leaving its unalterable trace, and soon it will receive its last touch, and have the seal of eternity set upon it. It will be reserved to the judgment, not then to be blotted from existence, but to be suspended to the view of its author while ceaseless ages roll.

My friend, look back. Are you satisfied with the past? Whoever you may be, young or old, rich or poor, saint or sinner, be entreated to review the years that a gracious God has numbered to you, and if there is cause for repentance, let your heart now break, and your soul be humbled in the dust. Remember it is against infinite goodness that you have sinned. It is bleeding love that you have injured. Thanks be to God that you are yet a prisoner of hope. Turn, therefore, to the strong hold. Accept the offered grace to-day. Jesus, the Lamb of God, has shed his blood for you. Here is your only hope. Come then, and cast yourself, guilty, perishing, self-ruined, upon the Almighty Saviour. Come and yield yourself to him who gave his life for you, and resolve in his strength to lead a life of new obedience, *to honor your Heavenly Father and your glorious Redeemer.*

Let this year be as it were the beginning of years to you, and the picture just commenced, be one that shall gladden the hearts of angels, and afford to yourself matter for joy and praise through eternity.

A few resolutions are here offered for consideration. Will you make all, or any of them, your own?

1. *Resolved*, That I will honor God by reading some portion of his Word with serious attention, every day during the year, unless prevented by sickness.

Would every impenitent sinner do this, not only in the family circle, but by himself before God, can any doubt that it would be to many the means of their eternal salvation? *Will you make the trial, my friend?* Would every Christian do it, who can doubt that the result would be most happy?

2. *Resolved*, That I will honor God by letting no day pass without earnestly seeking him in my closet, and especially by striving to obtain the holy and blessed influences of his Spirit, with all the powers of my soul.

Do you not need to pray, said one, as often as you need to eat? How many of us, like the prophet Daniel, enter into our closet three times a day?

3. *Resolved*, That I will honor God by attending seriously on the services of his sanctuary every Sabbath, unless unavoidably prevented, and by using all my influence to induce others to do the same. 1 Cor. i. 21.

4. *Resolved*, That I will honor the Lord this year with my substance. I will remember the gifts of God to me—the Bible, the Sabbath, the Spirit, the blood of his Son, with all the blessings of his life; I will consider the claims of a perishing world, the appeal of millions, who will soon be prisoners of despair, and inquire, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Look at 2 Cor. 8th and 9th chapters. Let us *literally* bring all the tithes into the storehouse, with humble, grateful hearts, and it would be the harbinger of a brighter day than our eyes ever yet beheld.

5. *Resolved*, That I will honor God by an entire consecration of myself to him, body and soul, with all that I have, laying myself a living sacrifice upon his altar, and trusting for acceptance only to the merits of his Son.

Dear fellow travellers to eternity, will you not be persuaded for your own sake to consider these things seriously, and come to some decision? The writer of this has a request to make of you. It is that you will read these resolutions deliberately, and place upon each as you read it, some mark either of adoption or rejection; and further, that you will read them over at the close of every month, and at the end of the year record the result.

Amidst the storms and tempests of the world, there is a *perfect* calm in the breasts of those who not only do the will of God, but love to do it. They are at peace with God by the blood of reconciliation; at peace with themselves by the answer of a good conscience; at peace with all men by a spirit of Charity; and the whole creation is at peace with them, for all things work together for their good.—*Nothing* can rob them of this peace. Heavenly peace surmounts every obstacle, and runs with delight the way of God's commandments.—*Bishop Horne.*

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

GOD IS LOVE.

WHAT sound is this? a song through Heaven resounding—

God is Love! God is Love!

And now from earth I hear the song rebounding—

God is Love! God is Love!

Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim

Love is his nature, Love his name,

My soul in rapture cries the same;

God is Love! God is Love!

This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,

God is Love!

And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,

God is Love!

In this let earth and heaven agree,

To sound his love both full and free,

And let the theme for ever be,

God is Love!

Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming,

God is Love!

And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,

God is Love!

But let the burdened sinner hear

The Gospel, sounding loud and clear,

To every soul both far and near,

God is Love!

This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,

God is love!

And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,

God is Love!

That God is Love I know full well;

And had I power his love to tell,

With loudest notes my song should swell:

God is Love!

The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,

God is Love!

And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;

God is Love!

This theme shall be my song below,

And when to glory I shall go,

This strain eternally shall flow,—

God is Love!

Nantucket, Nov. 1839.

The above may be sung in the tune "ALL IS WELL."

S. LOVELL